

Good Morning 677

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Visit to "Ossie" for A.B. Alan Green

"GO to Oswaldtwistle," said the boss. "You will find Mrs. Green. She lives at 67 Rhyddings Street."
"Yessir."
"Her son is in the Submarine Branch."
"Yessir." This was more like it.
"Go to Oswaldtwistle," said the boss, "and see what the family are doing—take some pictures."
"Yessir... Oswaldtwistle, you said?"

Strangely enough, the first person who was asked knew where it was.
"Accrington," he said.
And at Accrington there was a knowledgeable passer-by who could supply the information.
"Ossie? Yes. Left at the signals."

Well, A.B. Alan Green, we found "Ossie," and a ring at the front door of No. 67 produced Mrs. Green, with green smock and green beret. She was dusting the sideboard bearing the family pictures—yours to the fore.

Mother took the beret off before we were allowed to take the picture. She hadn't much news because she writes regularly, but told us that brother Roy, who has been in Brussels almost since D-Day, has now gone to Germany....

That the people at Stanhill Ring Works are asking about you....
That father is now finally "de-mobbed" from the Fire Service....

That your pal Alan Clarke (a destroyer man) was at home.
That Doris and herself are still waiting for the handbags.... and a picture of the ship.
Final word from Mother was in answer to one of our queries.

"Girl friend? He's got a girl in every port. He's never short of girls. Even in Accrington."

Mother is still working half time at the Enfield Manufacturing Co. mill, and gets to know these things, Alan.

Now, before we go, here is little sister Brenda. Just arrived at home from Hippings Wesleyan School, she gives the "V" sign, and sends an SOS. "I want some bananas." Seems she's never seen any. "I'd like some coconuts, too."

These kids can be very difficult!

Doris is a dancing girl now and a regular patron of the old "Con" club. She is trying to buy, borrow or steal the dance records you ask for.

Cousin Ronnie Smith came in as we were leaving. He was full of his recent visit to Blackpool with the A.T.C. He actually flew in an Anson. All send best wishes.

HOME TOWN GOSSIP

HAVE you ever seen a soccer match where the goalkeeper has been sitting down for a rest; where players have collapsed like ninetins, and where spectators have slipped out to tea (or a quick one) so that they might be able to stick out this fight to a finish? It happened like that in the Cardiff City v. Bristol City Cup-tie at Ninian Park on April 14.

When time was sounded no winning goal had been scored, so they played on. It was not until the game had been in progress three hours and 22 minutes that "Bevin Boy" Bill Rees, the City's young centre-forward, headed the winning goal.

It was a hot tussle for the normal 90 minutes, every player going all-out. Scenes were amazing. When they had a chance players stretched out on the ground for a breather. Alec Ferguson, Bristol's goalkeeper, made himself comfortable by holding up the goalpost and occasionally sitting down.

Players became too exhausted almost to kick. Trainers kept running out with the bucket and sponge and "the medicine bottle" reviver.

At the end of the normal 90 minutes the replay had yielded each side three—aggregate in the home and away matches. The fourth goal by Bill Rees settled it. Then the City qualified to meet the Wolves in the first leg of the Third Round.

Blew Top Off Mountain To Make Cricket Pitch

WHEN last Christmas a match was played on the festive day between two Brighton teams of first-class cricketers, many looked upon this as an amazing event—cricket played on Christmas Day! In cricket history, however, it was nothing, for to secure a game men have been known to go to extraordinary lengths.

The Maharajah of Patiala, for instance, has one of the most beautiful cricket grounds in India, at Chail, which is over 6,000 feet up in the Himalayas.

His father, the late Maharajah, a great lover of cricket and a good player himself, sat down one day to think out ways and means of getting the pitch he needed. At last an idea came to him—why not blow off the top of a mountain, and then have a ground set out.

On paper, this may not sound a practical proposition, but His Highness gathered his experts around him, a plan was drawn up, and the men went ahead with the project.

Within a few months a beautiful pitch had been born on top of the mountain. Scores of England's most famous players have since appeared on this "pitch in the clouds," and some of the "hitters" of sixes have had the satisfaction of knocking the ball "out of the ground" into the wooded valleys many thousands of feet below.

Another unusual "pitch" was laid inside a tank capable of holding 2,000,000 gallons of petrol. One of the many amateur clubs in Adelaide, South

Australia, were anxious to play a challenge match with a rival side, but all the pitches in the area were required on the date arranged for the match. Eventually, by a special arrangement, they were allowed to lay a matting wicket in the empty petrol tank.

The "ground"—which was 100 feet wide—was illuminated by electric light, and

the crew serving aboard his boat, and they had been very successful, defeating teams from Deal, Sandwich, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, and other surrounding towns.

"Y'know, Morris," Captain Pearson said, very seriously, "my lads have been moulded into such a good team, I reckon we could beat any local team in any place."

"You're taking on a lot by saying 'any place,'" said Thompson. "Why, I could get a team up to beat yours—even if it were played on the Goodwin Sands you know so well."

Captain Pearson, always a man of action, rapped back: "That's an idea. A match on the Goodwin Sands! Willing to take the challenge, Thompson?"

For a moment the Kent star thought seriously over the proposed venue of the match. The idea of playing a match in the English Channel, even if it were on a sand-bank exposed at low water, did not exactly seem practical to him.

"Well, Pearson," he said at length, "if you think it is possible to play a game on the Goodwins, include me and my team in it."

Due allowances had to be made for the tide, and it was at 5 o'clock one Saturday afternoon, when the sands were above water, and the masts of wrecked ships were showing above the Goodwins, that the party of cricketers "landed" from two fishing boats, one of them being the "Spartan."

A portion of the Goodwins



was "flattened" and made into some semblance of a wicket, chairs were brought out for the scorers, and drinks set aside for the interval.

Captain Pearson's "Spartan" team soon showed that they were good cricketers, and Morris Thompson's side, although it included several noted players, anxious to be able to say that they played on the Goodwin Sands, were dismissed for less than 20 after Pearson's boys had scored 57.

Five balls were lost during the match, two being "hit for six" into deep water; three going into a section of the Sands it was dangerous to approach.

Exactly five hours after they had set out for the match the two teams returned to Deal—the first and only sides ever to play a cricket match in mid-Channel.

The great W. G. Grace was another man who would do anything and go anywhere to play cricket. If there was also a novelty about it, he would be more eager than ever, and never take "No" for an answer.

It so happened that he was passing through Windsor Great Park during a cold spell. The lake was frozen, and it struck Grace that it might be a good idea, on a bright moonlight night, to play a match on the lake. Several other sportsmen liked the idea—and the novelty—and the game was duly played.

Grace scored a century and took five wickets, but a tragedy nearly occurred when a "fielder," running after the ball, trod on thin ice....

During the last war men of the Royal Navy often played cricket on the ice-bound harbour at Archangel. But most cricketers would prefer the normal English wicket to play upon than those mentioned here.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

JOHN ALLEN continues his series, "They only happen once"

runs were scored according to where the ball hit the sides of the tank. A thoroughly enjoyable game was had by all—but when a return was wanted on this "pitch" they found it covered by petrol!

Morris Thompson, a well-known Kent County batsman, was partly responsible for one of the strangest "it could only happen once" matches ever to be arranged in Britain.

Nearly 90 years ago he was sitting in front of one of Deal's famous old inns talking cricket with his friend Captain Pearson, skipper of the Deal fishing boat "Spartan."

During the previous few weeks Captain Pearson had organised a cricket team from



All Attention for C.P.O. Joe Stevenson

WE called at your home, occupied. And that's good go-

72, Wisewood Avenue, Sheffield, 6, C.P.O. Joseph Stevenson, to find your father home from work, mother cleaning the house, and "Twinkle," your eleven-months-old baby sister, very happily laughing away in the garden. Everything stopped, and all attention was turned to you.

Father told us to tell you that the ankle he broke is now completely better, and he's happy to be back at work again. He wants the Social Club members to be remembered to you.

You remember Grannie was ill? Well, as with father, the news is good. She's up and about, going to work, fully now.

We were informed that the lighter sex have not interested you so much. But mother says the right girl will find you if you don't find her. It makes you think.

Your sister Barbara, and brothers Ernest and Ronnie, who are in Africa, are expected home shortly. They will have travelled several thousand miles. Pop says they've got more sea time in than you have. But you've not been pleasure cruising.

They have been receiving your mail all right, and send their love. Wishing you the best of luck, here's cheerio for

BEER FROM SEA-WATER!

HERE'S good news for Royal Navy men who miss their "wallop" when afloat:

After three years of experiment, Mr. S. T. Clarke, head brewer to William Cooper and Company, a Southampton firm of brewers, has devised a new method of brewing draught beer which has made it possible to construct naval brewery ships—known as "floating breweries"—to serve with the Fleet in the Far East.

Four such ships have been ordered, and the first will be ready in the late summer of this year. Three will be capable of producing 72,000 pints of beer a week each, while the fourth will have an output of 144,000 pints a week. (It gives us a thirst to write about it!)

In the brewery ships, seawater will be distilled and hardened for brewing. The storage problem will be solved by the use of malt extracts and concentrated hops.

Each vessel will be able to carry a three months' supply of "raw materials."

**Here's a chance for a hero—
and John Blundell boggles at
it! But he's thinking!**

"YOU might pretend that you thought you saw somebody drowning," suggested Turnbull.

"And be laughed at," said Mr. Blundell, who knew his Venia by heart.

Mr. Turnbull thrust his hands in his pockets and took a turn or two up and down the room. His brows were knitted and his lips pursed.

In the presence of this

Wangling Words No. 616

- 1. Behold an animal and get another animal.
- 2. Insert the same letter seven times and make a sentence of: arromeelingaintloundeltine.
- 3. What common word has UGHTS for its exact middle?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: Let us — the stairs and join the ladies for the —.

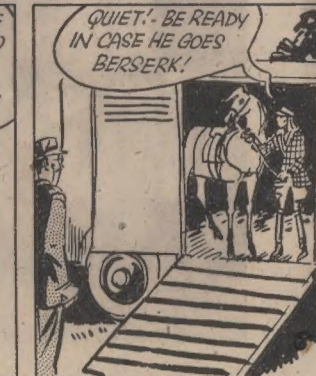
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 615

- 1. Lion.
- 2. Dalmatian dogs dig dirt out of dented dustbins.
- 3. EnGUINEer.
- 4. Master, stream.

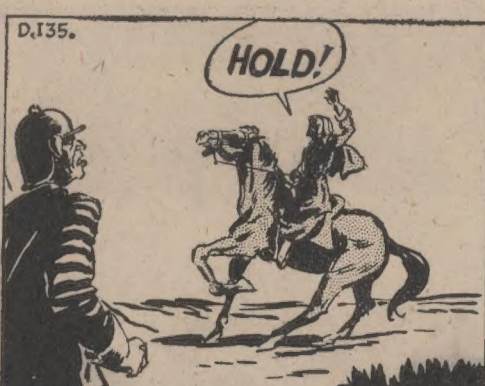
JANE



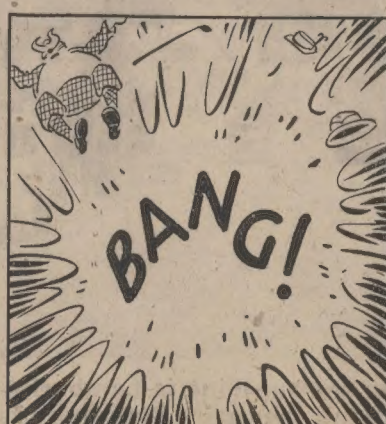
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



BLUNDELL'S IMPROVEMENT

(Continued from Page 2)

"I know what I'm about," said Blundell, slowly.

"Well, why don't you do it?" demanded the other. "I suppose you are going to wait until there are more people about, and then perhaps some of them will see you push him over."

"It isn't that," said Blundell, slowly, "but you told me to improve on your plan, you know, and I've been thinking out improvements."

"Well?" said the other.

"It doesn't seem much good saving Daly," said Blundell; "that's what I've been thinking. He would be in as much danger as I should, and he'd get as much sympathy—perhaps more."

"Do you mean to tell me that you are backing out of it?" demanded Mr. Turnbull.

"No," said Blundell, slowly, "but it would be much better if I saved somebody else. I don't want Daly to be pitied."

"Bah! You ARE backing out of it," said the irritated Mr. Turnbull. "You're afraid of a little cold water."

"No, I'm not," said Blundell, "but it would be better in every way to save somebody else. She'll see Daly standing there doing nothing, while I am struggling for my life. I've thought it all out very carefully. I know I'm not quick, but I'm sure, and when I make up my mind to do a thing, I do it. You ought to know that."

"That's all very well," said the other, "but who else is there to push in?"

"That's all right," said Blundell, vaguely. "Don't you worry about that; I shall find somebody."

Mr. Turnbull turned and cast a speculative eye along the quay. As a rule, he had great confidence in Blundell's determination, but on this occasion he had his doubts.

"Well, it's a riddle to me," he said, slowly. "I give it up. It seems—HALLOA! Good heavens, be careful! you nearly had ME in then."

"Did I?" said Blundell, thickly. "I'm very sorry."

Mr. Turnbull, angry at such carelessness, accepted the apology in a grudging spirit, and trudged along in silence. Then he started nervously as a monstrous and unworthy suspicion occurred to him.

It was an incredible thing to suppose, but at the same time he felt that there was nothing like being on the safe side, and in tones not quite free from significance he intimated his desire of changing places with his awkward friend.

"It's all right," said Blundell, soothingly.

"I know it is," said Mr. Turnbull regarding him fixedly, "but I prefer this side. stop and gazed curiously into You very near had me over the harbour."

"I staggered," said Mr. Blundell.

"Another inch and I should have been overboard," said Mr. Turnbull with a shudder. "That would have been a nice how'd'ye do."

Mr. Blundell coughed and looked seawards. "Accidents will happen," he murmured.

They reached the end of the quay again and stood talking, and when they turned once more the sergeant was surprised and gratified at the ease with which he bore off Venia.

Mr. Turnbull and Blundell followed some little way behind, and the former gentleman's suspicions were somewhat lulled by finding that his friend made no attempt to take the inside place. He looked about him with interest for a likely victim, but in vain.

"What are you looking at?" he demanded, impatiently, as Blundell suddenly came to a

ALEX CRACKS

An Australian athlete once skipped from Sydney to Melbourne. There have been many instances of people skipping from London to South America, but some returned under the extradition laws.

Quite a number of our newly qualified medicos show a preference for service in the Navy. This augurs well for our need of floating docs!

"I recently saw a bush that was growing in a most peculiar way," says a botanist. Probably a Home Guard who hadn't been told.

ABOUT BOTTLES

I had twelve bottles of whisky in my cellar, and my wife told me to empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink—OR ELSE!

So I said I would, and proceeded with the unpleasant task. I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink—with the exception of one glass, which I drank.

I extracted the cork from the second bottle, and did likewise, with the exception of one glass, which I drank.

I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle, and emptied the good old booze down the sink, except the glass I drank.

I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank the sink out of it, and poured the rest down the glass.

I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle, and drank the glass.

Then I corked the sink with the glass and just drank the pour.

When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottles, the corks and the glasses with the other, which were 29.

To be sure, I counted them up again when they came by, and I had 74.

And as the house came by I counted them again, and finally I had all the houses and bottles and corks and glasses counted—except for one house and one bottle, which I drank.

SYD. DE HEMPSEY.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

SWAP	ABATES
LOTION	CENT
TOTA	DOTAGE
GLINT	REMIT
H	ROAMED
TOE	LAG
P	BECOME
BARON	NAMED
EQUATE	SODA
CUSS	YEOVIL
KETTLE	NETS

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9			10				
11					12		13
			14		15		
16	17		18		19		
20			21		22	23	24
			25		26		27
28	29				30		
31				32			33
		34				35	
36					37		

CROSSWORD No. 1990.—677.

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Flying machine. 6 Young animal. 9 Edge. 10 Essential. 11 Fruit. 12 Luxuriant. 14 Routine. 16 Effusiveness. 19 Pen point. 20 Penetrate. 22 Over fed. 25 Plunder. 27 Sword. 28 Fortress. 31 Lean over. 32 Friendly gathering. 34 Reptile. 35 Be in debt. 36 Dogs. 37 Banknote.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Country house. 2 Edge. 3 Tax. 4 Always. 5 Got up. 6 Bore. 7 Mineral. 8 Alpine wind. 13 Consciousness. 15 Carriage. 17 Loose. 18 Forerunners. 21 Perch. 23 Choice. 24 Vendor. 26 Assailed. 28 Stylish. 29 Rent. 30 Facts and tradition. 33 Great respect.

Good Morning



★ THE GAL WITH THE BARE EQUATOR is lovely Jeanne Crain, and right now there is nothing we would rather do than encircle the equator! ★



THEY'RE OFF IN THE "PRAM DERBY"!—They held their own race-meeting in tiny St. John's Street, Plymouth, where three P.O.W.s who lived next door to each other, came home the other day. The mounts were prams, and the boys were passengers. The "nappy" selection—Driver Tarr, pushed by young Mrs. Doreen Jones—won by a short feeding-bottle.



★ These bouncing bathing beauties are all Mack Sennett belles—who used to delight the customers in the earliest days of the cinema. In those days, the gals dressed up to go swimming in case they shocked old man Neptune, we suppose.



THE ENGLISH VILLAGE.—This little township basking in the sunshine is Lamberhurst, in Kent. Now Kent is a county dear to our hearts—for don't they grow hops there?

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Well, they certainly shock me."

